



The Voice



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Chapter 1 by Aubrey Whitworth

A girl was walking down the street when she heard the voice. The voice had been coming and going, telling her things about people. Stuff they wouldn't want her to know.

Chapter 2 by LethalPianist



"Last night, I cheated on my husband" "Oh my god did you SEE that horrible haircut?" "I am gonna KILL that math teacher" "Dammit I forgot to do my laundry" "I want sex! Lot's of sex!"

The girl was going crazy. She couldn't stand the voices inside of her head. She wanted to tear her hair out and her scalp open and pull the voices out.

"It's difficult, isn't it?" One voice rang clear over the others.

It was a boy. His handsome, windswept blond hair framed his chiseled face nicely, unlike the girl, who was fat, had frizzly hair, and tons of zits.

"You're not ugly. In fact, you're quite beautiful!" The boy objected.

Huh? The girl wondered. Did this boy perhaps also...

"Yeah." The boy smiled cockily. "I can read minds too."

Chapter 3 by Phantim



"In fact. It is my job to find people like us. People with gifts." the boy said.

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He thought. Others like me didn't even know what kind of voice he thought he was thinking he

knows me? She stomped her foot down in frustration. Still, he might have answers, answers she had been searching for, scouring the internet... plus he was pretty cute.

The boy sat in his car smiling. She might not hear his thoughts anymore, but he could still read hers. Amateur he thought. He picked up his cellphone and pressed his quickdial. The phone rings for a moment. "I've got her. She will come, she has already decided. I'll take care of her." "I have no doubt." the voice said, then there was a click and a dial tone.

Poor brat, the boy thought. He could have been her, alone, confused and about to die. But instead of killing him, the agency had recruited him. They saw potential in him.

He was proud to be apart of the agency, even if every now and then it meant luring a little psychic girl to her death.

Chapter 4 by Ava Chase



Sometimes though, the boy felt discomfort at his job. They were so innocent... and the girl especially. He didn't like the thought of murdering her when she still had so much to live for... But he had to do his job. It was his life, or hers. He hadn't chosen this path, but what choice did he have? There was nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. He would be found in a matter of hours if he even dared run away. He would have to do this, or his life would end.

He met the girl in the parking lot behind Lunar Bowling alley. He could see she had dressed up a little to impress him. Pathetic, he thought, then silently cursed himself, remembering she could also read minds. They walked inside in silence, and imagined a wall around him. Now his mind was impenetrable to the girl. He laughed to himself as he pulled out a gleaming silver knife, stained with dried blood from the other victims.

Chapter 5 by Issa alSaleh



He had to do this. His heart pounded in his ribcage and adrenaline coursed through his veins. The girl hadn't noticed the knife yet. He could still sheath it, and pretend as though nothing had happened. The girl would never know what his intentions had been. But no. He emerged from

the car and walked towards her. She turned to him, a look of confusion on her face. He took a deep breath and stepped forward, the knife held high. She gasped and took a step back, her eyes wide with fear. He lunged forward, the knife buried deep in her neck. She fell to the ground, her lifeless body lying in front of him. He stood over her, the knife still in his hand, a cold sweat breaking out on his forehead. He had done it. He had killed her.

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stained knife now with a look of puzzlement and the beginnings of horror dawning on her face. He had to say something.

Chapter 6 by lightningstrikeshannah (I'm back!)



He motioned with his hands for her to follow him. She hesitated.

He found a piece of crumpled paper in his pocket and a pen.

"My coat is bugged. Scream and then fall to the ground loudly," he wrote.

She did what he wrote. He started to walk back to the car, but he first wanted to write another message.

"Go into hiding, they will come after you if they find out I let you live."

He knew they would try to read his thoughts after he "killed" her, so he filled his mind with very gruesome thoughts.

"Ugh, that blood is nasty."

"Who would have thought that blood goes very nicely with a plain white t-shirt?"

He walked back to the car and the girl stared at him with a look mixed with fear, and confusion.

Why had he let her live?

Chapter 7 by Ava Chase



They were coming.

Very, very soon. He had nowhere to run. The agents would find him. They always did.

He didn't know what they would do to him. He had seen numerous things happen to the others.

Another was shot down.

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The last was the worst. They had sliced his stomach, forming words that spelled out: Beware. Then they tied him to a tree and choked him to death. The words, which would be seen by both the ordinary people and those like him, were meaningless to the ordinary people, but to the ones like him it was a warning.

Do not disobey the agency.

The walls in his mind were strong, but would only last another hour before the agency tore it down.

He turned to the girl.

"Consider yourself lucky," he whispered.

He turned back around, and ran. He ran for his life. He ran for his dignity. And most of all, he ran for the girl he shouldn't have saved.

The agency was after him.

Chapter 8 by Alexis Lujan



The girl was still trying to process what happened with the mysterious boy she met only a week ago. His voice was now out of her head, which part of her was happy about, but another piece of her wanted to hear his voice again. She remembered what he had whispered to her before he had turned and ran, he had told her that she was lucky. Lucky? She hears other people's voices in her head for goodness sakes! If anything she is the unluckiest girl in the world, but then she thought about how he looked at her. Then it came to her, he knew she wasn't lucky because she could hear voices, she was lucky that he let her live.

She thought about when he said that there were others, others like them. She knew she had to find them, she needed answers. Her life is different now, there is no turning back to the life she once knew.

She needed him

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